COLUMBIA WELCOMING THE NATIONS.

"Now welcome to these Western shores!" behold
Columbia cries;
A glory round her star-girt brow and in her beaming eyes,
Her arms outstretched, her head upraised, her banner high unfurled,
She greets the Nations as they come—a Congress of the World!

She waits in gentle majesty upon the soil where
Penn
First taught the troubled Western world the brotherhood of men.
His spirit lingers in her look, his tones within her voice,
That calls aloud throughout the earth, "Come ye, with me rejoice!
Come ye like armies, but without the slow and measured tramp;
Nor rank nor file; forgotten all the insignia of the camp.
Come ye in peace; no war-cloud now casts shadow o'er the land;
No thought of sirife; like host and guest, we meet with clasped hand."

Behold! they come: their steeds are fire, outspread the swelling sail;
Their footsteps touch our eager shores; the Nation cries, "All hail!"
A shout of rapture cleaves the air; a thousand welcomes sound;
They come! the stranger's foot is set on friendship's hallowed ground.

Amid the glittering array, fair Spain claims greeting first;
The iron bands of ignorance her sons had strength to burst:
When locked within a watery world none other dared to brave,
Columbia rose in might, and wrung the secret from the wave.
Thy Queen had manned the deck he trod to triumph o'er the main;
Thou land of sunshine, thine the praise—all hail to thee, O Spain!

To England, then, whose pilgrim band first reared upon our sod
Their altar sacred to the names of Liberty and God,
Thine impress lies upon our life, O England, proud and bold.
Foremost among thy children's names our own is still enrolled.
Thou wouldst have curbed the adult strength that struggled to be free:
Yet grown-up children can not cling around a mother's knee.
We only shook thy shackles loose that we might clasp thy hand,
As sons their sires, when, side by side, of equal height they stand.
Nearest to us of all who come, we spring to thy embrace,
Our mother England! we are not a strange or alien race.
Thou leav'st to visit us to-day thy proud ancestral domes,
As one who journeys to behold her children in new homes.

Hail to thee, France! Thy noble sons did many a valiant deed.
Thine arm sustained our failing strength in hour of direst need.
Behold the name of Lafayette! we write it side by side
With his, the Father of our land, her savior and her pride.
Baptized with fire, the war-cloud since has darkened o'er thy brow;
Yet, like a giant, maimed a while, thy strength returneth now.
True to thyself, as true to us, the furnace seven times hot
Through which thy suffering feet have trod, ere long shall be forgot.
And since for us in days gone by thy sons left song and dance,
Columbia greets thee as of old, thou great and glorious France!

All hail, Germania! from thy seat beside the castled Rhine;
The language that was learned beside the river of the Vine
Rings out a welcome on the air; its accents greet thine ear;
The children of the Fatherland, they spring to meet thee here.
Columbia knows thy voice of old. Behold! she bids thee stand,
With foreign soil beneath thy feet, no stranger in the land.
The tidings of thy warlike deeds have sounded o'er the sea;
Mighty in war, thou lovest peace. Germania! hail to thee!

Thus one by one before her eyes they pass in proud review;
The Nations of the earth arise, the Old World and the New,
With trophies from the glowing South, and from the frozen north,
From Orient and Occident—behold, they hasten forth.
Columbia bows her stately head; no younger land can vie
With all the storied wealth that glows beneath an Eastern sky.
The fabrics spun by Europe's looms she may not match in hue;
Her sons wore homespun many a year; her silken robes are new.

And ye who come from Europe's shores, expect not to behold
Within the New World's borders all the wonders of the old;
Our Nation is of yesterday, and all but nature young;
From forest and from wilderness our towns and cities sprung;
No gorgeous palaces have we to match your stately piles—
Cathedrals old and gray with time, in whose dim-lighted aisles
The feet of many centuries have worn the graven stones
Beneath whose sculptured effigies sleep many a hero's bones;
We can no boast the treasured art of Athens and of Rome;
Not these we offer to your gaze in freedom's Western home.

Our labors are of sterner mold; Columbia may not boast,
But yet may point with modesty that o'en becomes a host
Who leads a guest throughout his halls—one who desires to know
What of the richest and the best their master has to show.
Behold our lands, their wide extent; and yet from sea to sea
Our steeds of fire on paths of steel sweep on triumphantly.
Behold the lightning chained and bound, whose flash can well reveal
Each impulse of the Nation's heart that guides the common weal,
And threaded by the silver streams traced out by man's own hand,
The produce of our prairies wide flows forth to all the land.
A thousand cities deck the plain; their towers and steeples high,
They shimmer in the glittering sun, and point toward the sky.
Our ships ride on the swelling wave, and each one as it goes
Bears on the story of the wealth with which our land o'erflows.
Our tasks were homely; but when sure the firm foundation lies,
Naught lacks but time; the years shall see the glorious fabric rise.

A hundred years of weal and woe; and thus our work has sped,
And yet within the century that o'er her life has fled,
Three times Columbia bared her breast to meet a mortal shock;
Three times her pure and peaceful brow the war-god rose to mock.
She bent beneath the discipline of blood and fire and sword;
And, purified like saints of old, her voice rings out abroad,
"Send forth your suffering and your poor!" To them the summons goes;
Behold to them the wilderness shall blossom as the rose;
The forests yield, the wheat fields rise, the rocks retire apace,
And richest harvests crown the land in freedom's dwelling place;
Our sons, like Judah's, sit beneath the fig tree and the vine;
The olive and the Sharon rose around our homes entwine.

O, ye that journey from afar, from every clime of earth,
Who come to join a sister land in her Centennial mirth,
Take to your heart the welcoming that heartfelt we extend,
And hail the auspicious reign of peace, God grant may never end!
Shrouded be the brazen throat of war; the battle-flags be furled;
The light that beamed from Bethlehem's star shine over all the world;
The glorious message that was heard of old in Galilee,
Re-echo now from pole to pole, and ring from sea to sea!
United now as ne'er before, since time's first cycles ran,
Earth learns the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

The "Green Dragon" at Orpington assuming to be an inn, was really little more than a wayside public house. Mr. Hunter, landlord and proprietor, was therefore not a little surprised and flurried when, upon a raw October afternoon, a young man having a great-coat over his arm, a light bag in one hand, and a stick in the other, presented himself at the bar of the "Green Dragon," asked languidly if he could be accommodated with a bed and sitting-room.

"A bed, sir?" replied Mr. Hunter, a big man, with red face and gray hair, "yes, I think we can manage to give you a bed."

"And a sitting-room?" continued the stranger.

"A sitting-room," echoed the landlord, in the tone of one who is considering some great undertaking; "one minute, if you please, sir," and Mr. Hunter disappeared into a little room immediately adjoining the bar, there to hold counsel with some second person, the upshot being that, in a few minutes, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Hunter, and a few Hunters just out of the crawling state, issued forth, bearing respectively working materials, socks in process of being mended, tin whistles, and decapitated dolls.

"You can have this room all to yourself, sir," said Mr. Hunter, triumphantly.

"You really must not let me disturb you," rejoined the traveler.

"Don't you mention it," replied the landlord, in a tone which was at once genial and confidential. "We would not turn a customer away from our doors. You see, we do not have much parlor company."

"And this is the only room you have disengaged?"

"Well, yes, sir; this is the only room at present—Susan! coals for the gentleman's fire."

The traveler having as he thought shown a due amount of consideration for the comfort of Mrs. Hunter and the young Hunters, was glad enough to enter the apartment before alluded to, and to draw close to the fire the one dilapidated arm-chair.

Arthur Seton, barrister by profession, and literary by choice, was not really more than thirty, though he looked considerably older; for the dark hair and beard were streaked with gray, and the face, with its regular, handsome features, wore habitually a look of such intense mental weariness as would have saddened the most hopeful man had he looked on it for long.

For some time he leant indolently back, his hands clasped behind his head; at length he rose and took from his bag a locked up diary, which he opened, and availing himself of pens and ink which stood upon the table, made the following entry:

October 17, 1874.—Got up late. Called on the Brianstones; George was out. Had a pleasant chat with Annie; went, like a fool, to Richmond—and, like a fool, haunted the Well House. It looked just the same as in the old, dear days, but I heard children playing in the garden. The house is let, I believe, to city people. Came back to London; dined at the Pall Mall; went to the club. Got back to chambers late. Wrote a column "—— Review." A weary, weary day. Shall I never know a moment's forgetfulness?

He drew then from the leaves of the diary a letter written in a delicate feminine hand, and addressed, "Arthur Seton, Esq., 12, Gray's inn." This letter he regarded with a long, sad, loving look; then, resting his head on his hand, he read it through very slowly. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR ARTHUR: If you will be so suspicious, so jealous, and exacting, I cannot see how we are ever to be happy. Faith without works is dead, and love without faith is no blessing, but a weary burden. I am tired of cross words and looks. Some women, I believe, like the feverish excitement of quarrels, but I only wish for peace. This miserable, petty jealousy is quite unworthy of you. Do try and put it from you; and remember that love, once wounded, is sometimes hurt past hope of recovery. I received your article quite safely, but I cannot speak about it now. You have made me too sad, too weary, and even a little indignant. Yours affectionately,

ALICE CLAREFIELD.

WELL HOUSE, RICHMOND, October, 1871.

He replaced the letter, closed the diary, took up his pipe, and began smoking. The early part of this day had been fine and mild, but toward the afternoon the sky grew all at once leaden and the wind shifted to the northeast. Now the wind was rising and the rain was falling—a cold, penetrating, impetuous, determined rain. The country, which but a brief while since had looked so fair in a bland October sunlight, now seemed a thing to shudder at. The dun-colored woods, wet and forlorn, seemed to have no hope of any returning summer, and to know the utter desolation of the end. It was impossible indeed to imagine that in the green, soaking fields, where now a few cows were huddling together, and loving disconsolately, glad children could ever have tossed each other in the warm, sweet-smelling hay; the rain drove drearily against the window, and the wind shrieked round the house, and occasionally thundered in the chimney, and, at the bar, where in spite of the wet weather, Mr. Hunter seemed to be doing a brisk business, for ale corks popped continuously, and pewters clanked audibly as the men set them down on the slab; and the great wagons lumbered by, or drew up ponderously in front of the door; and while the drivers availed themselves of the "Green Dragon's" hospitality, the large, broad-backed horses beat the miry roads with heavy hoofs. There was not much to occupy a man's thoughts in the dreary little bar-parlor. A great variety of whips hung against the wall, and over the mantel-piece was a photograph of a fine chestnut mare. Under it was written: "Being Mr. Hunter's favorite mare, who died in her fourteenth year." A short way on was a photograph of Mrs. Hunter, in full holiday costume. A large Bible and photograph album lay upon the table.

Seton mechanically opened the album. Here was a tinted photograph of a young girl with profuse gold ringlets, a large, round face, and meaningless blue eyes. Under it was written: "Presented to Miss Hunter by her affectionate friend, Isabella Grant." Poor Isabella! how many honest country hearts, I wonder, had she caused to ache while the hair was gold and the buxom figure still shapely?

For want of something better to do Seton began to write a letter; but he made slow way with it. For minutes together he sat holding the pen listlessly in his hand, leaning his arm wearily upon the table, listening, as we all listen when alone, to what sounds may be going on near us, from a feeling which is not curiosity, but more overpowering.

Suddenly what must have been a very light vehicle dashed swiftly down the road and drew up with great precision at the door of the "Green Dragon," while the voice of a new-comer became audible. Seton, however, could only catch a few disconnected words, such as "Caught in the rain—delicate—shelter—Chiselhurst—a closed carriage."

Then the door opened, the landlord presented himself upon the threshold, and said, in a very pointed manner, "If you please, sir, a young lady, driving over to Sevenoaks in a light, open trap, has been caught in the rain, and her servant wants to know if I can give her a sitting-room while he drives back to Chiselhurst for a closed carriage."

"And this is the only one you have?" rejoined Seton. "Oh! ask her in by all means. However, I am sorry the room smells so of smoke," he added, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Don't you mention it, sir, and thank you very much," replied the landlord, retiring.

In another moment the door opened again, and the unexpected intruder entered—a lady, tall and very graceful, having a pale Madonna-like face, and gold hair shining like an aureole round a small classical head.

Seton's face had grown white to the lips, and his voice quivered perceptibly, as, extending his hand, he said,

"This is a very unexpected meeting."

"Very unexpected," echoed the lady, removing her wet mantle, and sitting down on the wet leather sofa. The recognition had been mutual, but women, as a rule, are more self-composed than men.

"Let me recommend this chair," said Seton, laying his hand upon the one from which he had just risen.

"No, thank you, I prefer sitting away from the fire."

"I am sorry the room should smell so of tobacco," observed Seton, after a pause, "but you see I did not expect the pleasure of a visitor."

She smiled a rather forced smile by way of answer, and Seton folded elaborately and put into an envelope a sheet of blank paper.

"The country is very beautiful around here," he observed, writing his own name, with great care, upon the envelope.

"We have only been back from the Continent about six weeks," she observed, after a pause. "Mamma has taken a house near Chiselhurst. I was driving over to Sevenoaks this morning, and I was caught in the rain, and induced to ask for shelter here."

"And how is Mrs. Clarefield?"

"Mamma is quite well, thank you." Then, after a pause, in a full, sweet, low contralto voice, which had a ring of infinite pathos, "Are you stopping here?"

"Hardly," said Seton, with an assumption of gayety in his tone; "but I'll tell you all about it. My friends kindly took it into their heads that I was sticking too closely to work—that I wanted fresh air and exercise—so they bound me over on my word of honor, to walk from London to Hastings in a week. I acquiesce in everything now, so, of course, I acquiesced in this, and this is my first day of hard labor and imprisonment."

"But you used——" began the lady, then she colored a little, and seemed unwilling to finish her sentence; "you used to be so fond of walking."

"But a man changes a good deal in three years," he replied, wearily.

Then came a long silence, broken at last by the pop of an ale cork, at which they started as if an explosion had taken place.

"Oh! you grow used to it in time," observed Seton.

It seemed impossible to imagine these two persons, more formal to each other in manner than the most distant acquaintances, could ever have been passionate and devoted lovers. What thoughts had they, I wonder, as they sat together, and yet so far apart, of the old days wherein love led them, and all was well? It would weary you, dear reader, and to no purpose, were I to set down here the dreary commonplaces with which these two tried to beguile the time for over an hour. At length, worn out by the arduous effort of trying to entertain each other while their thoughts were so far away, they took refuge in silence, and the wind roared, and the rain lashed the window, and the dusk came on prematurely, and Seton, looking out on the cheerless prospect, shivered as with the cold. Then that other person in the room rose very quietly and stirred the fire into a blaze, and resumed her seat on the sofa.

"No, you shouldn't, really," said Seton, not turning round, however, though with a look of great pain on his face. It was wonderful what suffering some small, commonplace word or action may cause us. What vistas of impossible joys, again, may they not open up to us!

"I suppose the carriage will soon be back," said Alice, presently, and speaking with effort, "and our new coachman drives so fast, too."

"Yes, and your term of imprisonment will soon be up," rejoined Seton, resting his arms upon the mantelpiece, and examining with critical interest the photograph of Mr. Hunter's defunct mare.

"How the time passes," said Alice, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself. Then, with sudden energy, "I cannot tell when we shall meet again. Before we part, answer me one question. You are looking worn and weary—are you happy?"

Now he stood before her, and through the dusk and the firelight his eyes flashed on her, as he said, in a low, harsh voice, "From your lips this question is an insult."

"Of which you need not fear the repetition," she rejoined promptly, with cutting formality.

"No, it can't end like this," he went on. "Do you know, ever since you have been here I have bitten my lips through and through to keep them from speaking of the past. This meeting was not of your seeking, and it seems to me unmanly and dastardly to take advantage of this opportunity."

"We are sometimes so mistaken," she said hurriedly, but her words were hardly audible, and he continued—

"Alice! you have treated me very ill. On that day, now three years ago, when I gave you my love, and believed in yours, I was frank with you. I told you how wild and irregular my life had been, and how full of faults I was. You reclaimed me—you transformed my days—you made life, all at once, pure and fair; and then, because some thorn in my love hurt you, you threw it all away and left me to perish miserably." She would have interrupted him, but he silenced her with a gesture and went on; "and now when we meet, after three years, you ask me if I am happy? If I loved you once, I shall love you forever. Do I look happy?"

"I think there were faults on both sides," she said quietly.

"Yes, perhaps there were," he replied, "but I was reading your last letter over only to-day. Oh! how terribly bitter it was!"

"And have you forgotten your answer to that letter?" she said, almost passionately, her voice quivering, and her breast heaving.

"I don't remember it word for word," he returned quickly; "I know it was written on the impulse of the moment."

"But I have it by heart;" then, very slowly, "you said, if your love, in its heart and strength was a little exacting, mine was cold and tideless; in fact, no love, only a slow, sluggish affection. You almost thought I was right, and that we could not be happy. I am naturally proud," she went on; "but a woman with less pride than I have could not have acted differently. Only one course was left me—to be silent."

"Well, it is all over now," he rejoined; "we shall never, never meet again."

"You won't take my friendship, then?"

"No, thank you; you are very generous, but I do not want this gift."

He threw himself wearily into a chair and for some time there was a complete silence. Hope is so subtle, so intangible, that we are only aware of its existence when it has ceased to be. Arthur Seton looked upon himself as a man quite without hope. It seemed to him that his life could hardly be more gray and desolate than it was, yet who shall say what feeling, of which he was not directly conscious, may have sustained him through the last three years. Now everything seemed gone—there was nothing but death left.

Presently carriage-wheels came down the road; carriage-lamps flashed through the dusk, and grew stationary opposite the window. Mr. Hunter bustled in and announced, in a tone of triumph, that the carriage had come for the young lady, and done the distance wonderfully quick. Then the door shut, and they were alone together again.

Very softly and distinctly Seton heard her say his name, "Arthur;" but he did not move. It seemed to him that he would keep back all his love, clinch fast his heart till she were gone, and then die swiftly of the pain.

"Arthur, I am waiting, dear. Won't you come? Are you not going to forgive me?"

Now he rose and groped his way toward her, like a blind man. She stretched out her hands and drew him to her. Then he bent down. She raised her face, and the hearts and lips, so long disunited, came together in a prolonged passionate kiss. He knelt down by her, her head sank upon his shoulder, and for several minutes they remained thus, lost in love's profound peace and mystery. And the ale-corks continued to pop, and the wagoners on their way to London tramped in and out of the bar, and warm good-nights were exchanged between customer and landlord, and as Arthur folded Alice's mantle round her, she said, half shyly, "You are coming back with me to see mamma, are you not?"

"May I?" he answered, great joy evident in face and voice.

So the bedroom which Mrs. Hunter had been preparing all the afternoon, and of which she was not a little proud, remained unoccupied; but the payment was lavish, and the day's labor was not regretted.

Oh! that never-to-be-forgotten ride to Chiselhurst through the wild, windy evening. Between it and the last three years lay all the pains of hell. And the rain ceased, and strange voices were abroad in the wind, singing jubilantly over love rerisen and redeeming. And the clouds drifted away, and the pure, sweet, windy moonlight quivered over wet fields and trees, and seemed love's benediction.

I leave you to imagine the arrival home. Arthur had always been a favorite with Mrs. Clarefield, and in the old days of quarrels she used always to take his part. When dinner had at last been disposed of, Mrs. Clarefield pleaded household duties and went to her bedroom. There she sat down before the bright fire and wept profusely, dear soul, over the happiness of her children. And down stairs these two were very quiet. To them love was a solemn thing, and they were solemn lovers. And the wonderful priceless moments went silently and swiftly by.

Presently, however, Alice said, looking up in Arthur's face, and pressing his hand very tightly, "You won't continue your walk to Hastings this week?"

And he answered, with a bright smile, "But I have pledged my word and honor to do so."

"And I command you to break it."

Yes, and he did break it; but none of his friends brought it as an accusation against him that for once in his life he had broken his word of honor!—*New Quarterly Magazine.*

Shot his Father for a Panther.

Last evning a young man named Marcee, living on Sandy fork, four miles from Harwood, shot his father, killing him instantly. It seems that Mr. Marcee went to the woods to look at some horses, and his son Bud took his gun and dog and went in the same direction hunting. On seeing something move through the thick brush, and supposing it to be a panther, he fired and fled, but was recalled by his father's voice. Returning to the spot, he found to his horror he had shot his father, who said, "My son, you have killed me!" and immediately expired.—*Galveston (Tex.) News.*

Buttermilk for the Aged.

A French chemist has discovered the elixir of life in sour buttermilk, the lactic acid in which "dissolves the products of organic combustion, which, as ossifying and calcareous degenerations, are the main agents in the death of the aged."

John Howard Payne.

[The following letter was written at Constantinople by Lieut. Gov. Holt, of Michigan, and appeared in the New York *Independent*, January 20th. The editor of the *Independent*, in a note accompanying the letter, says the incidents therein related were obtained from one who was intimately acquainted with the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and although not entirely new will possess for many no small interest.]

While in Rustuch, on my way here, I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Richard Reed, the British Consul at that place, who was the son of Sir Thomas Reed, the Adjutant-general under Sir Hudson Lowe at St. Helena at the time that Napoleon Bonaparte was imprisoned there. Sir Thomas Reed was Consul-general at Tunis at the time that John Howard Payne arrived there as American consul, and the present British Consul at Rustuch was then a young man in the consular service under his father.

Mr. Reed says that immediately after Mr. Payne arrived he called at the British consulate, and said that he had been placed in a position that he felt himself entirely unfit to occupy, scarcely knowing why he had been appointed, and hoped that they would give him such information as they could in regard to the discharge of the duties of the consular service. He said that he had not thought of receiving such an appointment, but that one day, in conversation with President Tyler, with whom he was acquainted, he remarked that he had a great anxiety to make a thorough exploration of the ruins of ancient Carthage; but, as he had not the means, he did not expect that he would ever be able to do so. The President said, in reply, that he would see that he had the opportunity of doing as he desired, and in a few days he was surprised at receiving a notice of his appointment as Consul at Tunis—which city, it will be remembered, is only about twelve miles from the site of the ancient city he desired so much to visit.

The British officers, of course, rendered Mr. Payne such assistance as they could, and so energetically and thoroughly did he devote himself to the task of becoming familiar, not only with the ordinary routine of the office, but with the treaties, precedents, and everything relating to his position, that he was very soon recognized as one of the most able and efficient consuls in the city.

It has often been said that Mr. Payne was possessed of a morose, uncomfortable disposition, and that he was subject to fits of melancholy. This my informant says is entirely untrue; but that, on the contrary, he was very fond of society and was one of the most genial, companionable men he ever met, and that he had been in Tunis but a short time when he became a great favorite, not only with his consular associates, but with the government authorities and the people generally. As an evidence of this good feeling, as well as of his integrity as an officer, the Bey of Tunis once offered him a span of beautiful gray horses as a present; but Mr. Payne, thinking that he would not be justified in accepting such a gift from a foreign prince, would not receive them. The matter was finally arranged by his taking them to use for the time being.

This reminds me of an anecdote, related by Mr. Reed, which is in accordance with the character of Mr. Payne, as he portrays it. One morning Mr. Payne came to him, and in a laughing way said that a great joke had happened to him during the night. Mr. Reed inquired what it was. "I shall not tell you," was the reply; "but you must come and see for yourself." On going into the yard at the American consulate, Mr. Reed saw a hole in the ground some ten feet deep, where a wall had been commenced, and standing in the bottom were these horses, where by some mishap they had fallen during the previous night. "Did you ever know a man who provided such a stable for his horses as that?" said Mr. Payne. "I think it is the most comical thing I ever saw in my life." It was found, on removing the horses from their subterranean imprisonment, that they were not harmed.

It has been said that he was a man of quite irregular habits; but my informant says that from the time that Mr. Payne arrived at Tunis until 1847, when Mr. Reed was appointed to the consulate at Tripoli—after which they did not meet—they were on the most intimate terms, meeting almost every day and on all sorts of occasions, and that he never saw anything to cause him to believe that this charge was true. Mr. Reed admits that Mr. Payne never had any amount of money at his command long at a time; but he says that it was because of his extreme generosity, and not from extravagance and prodigality.

He always spoke of the United States with great apparent affection, and said that he always felt proud while abroad that he could call himself an American citizen. He also referred very often to his separation from relatives, and said that he was a man without a home; but that the fact was rather the result of circumstances than a matter of choice.

The following is the history of "Home, Sweet Home," as Mr. Reed says the author related it to him, in Tunis. Mr. Payne had written several pieces for the stage that had met with considerable favor, and had been sent for to go to Paris to look after the introduction of one of them in one of the theaters of that city. It was the afternoon before Christmas, and, although in winter, the day was bright and pleasant. After strolling about for a time, he seated himself in the Garden of the Tuileries, and became a quiet observer of the life and gayety of that brilliant promenade. While sitting there he thought of the pleasure his acquaintances had told him they expected to have the next day, and reflected that, although in the midst of this gay throng, he was without a home and friends, and was really the most lonely person in the world. All through the day he had been humming to himself an air, which pleased him very much, that he had heard in a theater the previous evening, when he had listened to an opera by Donizetti, called "Ann Boleyn," in which the air of "Home, Sweet Home" occurs. After a little he began to arrange these reflections into verse, adapting it to this air, and before leaving his seat a song that has since touched the tenderest chord of millions of hearts had its origin. He then went to his room and wrote out the song, and on showing it to some of his acquaintances they advised him to have it published. He did so, and the next time he went to London it was sung for the first time in public at Covent Garden theater, and immediately became very popular.

LIGHT AND AIR VERSUS DRUGS.

BY DR. R. M. TRALL.

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head,
Blistered and bandaged from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.
Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
On the table stood bravely up;
Physics of high and low degree—
Calomel, catnip, boneset tea;
Everything a body could bear,
Excepting light and water and air.
I opened the blinds; the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.
I opened the window; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.
Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrups and squills;
Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.
"What are you doing?" my patient cried.
"Frightening death," I coolly replied.
"You are crazy!" a visitor said;
I flung a bottle at his head.

Deacon Rogers he came to me;
"Wife is a-getting her health," said he.
"I really think she will worry through;
She scolds me just as she used to do.
All the people have poohed and slurred
All the neighbors have had their word;
'Twere better to perish, some of 'em say,
Than be cured in such an irregular way."

—*Science of Health.*

Wit and Humor.

A SHOEMAKER is a member of the solar system.

CAPTURED battle flags should be of subdued color.

NOT always identical—men of property and men of probity.

A SOAP dealer doubts if a lye can be made out of any whole cloth.

THE man who popped the question by starlight got his sweetheart's consent in a twinkling.

WHY should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a waterless desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

THE letter "O" is called the most charitable of all the alphabet, because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

IN a debate, rather pull to pieces the argument of thy antagonist than offer him any of thy own; for thus thou wilt fight him in his own country.

THERE is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don't cackle much till they have laid their eggs. Some folks are always bragging and cackling what they are going to do beforehand.

A GRUMBLING car driver said to a passenger: "You always want me to stop when you get off." "No, sir," said the passenger, who had no jumping notions, "I don't care what you do. I only want the car to stop. You can go on."

A WISE young lady will always leave the parlor as soon as young men are announced as calling on her older sisters, in order to hasten events so that she may come into exclusive possession of the family piano as soon as possible.

"WHAT size do you wear, sir?" blandly inquired the hatter. "I think," said the customer, "about"—just then, in backing toward the mirror, he stepped on a piece of orange peel and sat down suddenly—"about a cap-size, I think."

WRITING to a friend in Nevada, a gentleman closed with the injunction: "Take good care of Nancy." His wife saw the letter, and it took him an hour to explain the difference between a bonanza silver mine and a Nancy feminine.

MCCRISPIN—"Quite right to get a pair of shoes, Molly, your fut 'll look illegant in leather." Molly—"But sure I can't pay for them till Christmas." McC. (after a thoughtful pause.—"Troth, and it is a pitty to hide such a purty fut, acushla."—*Punch.*

FOND mother (to old gentleman to whom her son is apprenticed)—"I am sorry to say, sir, that Harry won't be able to come to work for some little time. The doctor says he has got the brain fever." Old gentleman—"Then the doctor is a —— fool, madam, for the boy hasn't any more brains than—than a donkey, ma'am."

THE FAIR HUMBUG.

Of mellow voice and soft address,
She is so meek at first you'd guess
That she could only answer, "Yes,"
The Humbug!

Speak you too plain? she'll only try
To hide her blushes from your eye,
And breathe the while perhaps a sigh,
The Humbug!

And should you make your last demand,
She'll only gently press your hand—
Perhaps she does not understand—
The Humbug!

Urge not your suit, nor love bestow,
Unless you really want to know
How firmly she can answer, "No,"
The Humbug!

AMONG the women standing on the corner to see the circus procession were two whose eyes probably saw every wagon, but whose thoughts were over on Brush street. "So you think they've run through with all their property, eh?" asked the larger one. "Well it looks that way. I haven't heard any one say so, but I can see as far as most folks." "What have you seen?" "Last year," replied the little woman, getting closer to the curb-stone, "all her children were dressed up and allowed to follow the circus all over town. This year not one of them is allowed outside of the gate. Looks to me as if some great financial cloud hangs over this family. Actions speak louder than words."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Deadly Duel in High Life.

The death is announced, from wounds received in a duel with Count Kolowrat, at Prague, of Prince William Vincent Alexander von Auersperg, a youth of twenty-two, and the heir-presumptive of his uncle, Prince Charles William von Auersperg, Duke of Gottschee, Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of Austria and Grand Marshal of Bohemia, the head of one of the stateliest houses of the stately Austrian aristocracy. Prince Charles William, born in 1814, is married to a lady of the great Hungarian family of Festetics, but has no children. By the sudden death of his young nephew the succession of the titles and estates of Auersperg passes to his brother, Prince Adolphus von Auersperg, born in 1821, who, since November 25, 1871, has been President of the Cis-Leithan Council of Ministers in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Prince Adolphus is married to a younger sister of the Princess Charles William, and by her has two sons and three daughters. Count Kolowrat has been arrested; but it is hardly likely that he will be severely proceeded against, if the duel was fought within the limits of the "code," for, in Austria, as in Germany, dwelling is still a recognized "military necessity" in social life.